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NAPOLEON I

—IN—

The Island of Elba.

A POEM

That Comprehends Napoleon I in the Island of Elba; His Entrance to Paris; The Flight of Louis XVIII; The Relation of the Battle of Waterloo and the Abdication of Napoleon Before the Congress From France.

BY

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Bay View Hotel, 529 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

August 28, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE great interest that inspires to humanity the actual fight between the Saxon and Latin races for subduing the world has inspired to me this poem. Known is the fight of the past century, between France, with Napoleon I on one side and England and its allies on the other. Napoleon, to the favor of his military genius, pretended to subdue the world. He was accustomed to say that the world would be Latium, or Cossack, that were the greatest powers of that epoch over the face of the earth. When Napoleon saw that he could not gain the victory, he had an interview in Tilsit with Emperor Alexander, of Russia, for agreeing in division of the world but fortunately Alexander did not accept the proposition. I said so, because if Alexander would have agreed the Saxon race would have fallen completely, and it is so important to the civilization of the world. Alexander and Napoleon would have established in the world an absolute dynasty, with its slavery and court of crimes. Thus is revealed the character of Washington and Napoleon. Washington was a great man, who desired the felicity of the people. Napoleon proclaimed himself emperor, imitated Cæsar, and clothed himself with that authority. I hope that America will not forget the doctrines of Washington.

The only peril that I see is the situation of the Chinese Empire. If Russia takes any great part it is possible with time a Tartar invasion.

I hope my poem will be well received, not for its sublimity of thought, but the opportunity and truth.

SERAPIO OROZCO.

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NAPOLEON IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

[*Translated from the Spanish by the Author.*]

Oh! Which is the inexorable decree of the doom?
Which are the changas of the lot?
Yesterday sowed of flowers my road,
To-day sentenced to inhuman death.

When I was proclaimed Emperor—
And I have not suffered, nor changed, nor misfortune;
Vain adulation, incense in my environs,
Every city humbled itself to my feet.

The sun it seemed to be shiny,
The seasons without cold and without clouds;
Any one by presage, crossed for my meaning,
The king of worlds it believed me crowned.

Durable seemed to me the glory,
All men I see very little;
Courtesan the lauds of the history,
Living reallty, the problem of my sleep.

Cæsar I judged was despot and coward,
Relapsed and dwarfish to Charles Magno
Foolish to the Greek Menelas,
Stupid to the generous Trojans.

Horizon it had not my ambition,
Inexorable was the edge of my sword,
That it cut with fury, without compassion,
Without victory it never displayed.

But come Soult and loss the Spain
Ney evacuated Torresvedras,
Arrived the implacable rage of the hurricane—
My dreams changed myself in chimeras.

I was obliged to make war with Russia,
The formidable enemy and very terrible;
And I shall see with indifference the Prussian,
Believing that the triumph was infallible.

I marched in the cold season,
Without attendlng in the force of the ice,
And was such the harshness of the heaven
That all seemed to me divine chastisement.

The Russians, advised by Moreau,
By Dumories and other criminals,
They kindied to Moscow
His chapetels, and refuges hymenals.

And afterward that Cutusoff was driven,
And my army was victorious,
The fire it spread on all sides,
Producing the dread awful.

And in spiie of my honor and of my glory,
I ordered a retrogade movement,
Between conflicts that there is no memory,
Nor I suffered them in other circumstance.

Ney, that he behaved himself, how valiant!
I ordered him the necessary retreat,
Uniting to his orders all gents,
With constance, care and courage.

And to the favor of rapid sledges,
I save myself of turning out a prisoner,
And remaining in the Caucasus as Prometeo,
I saving the distance the sooner.

And were as supreme the struckens,
As extraordinary the stormy of the heavens,
That were buried many thousands Frenchmen
In the cold tympans of the coolness.

I lost the best of my soldiers,
Captains and Generals of the best,
The prestige also of the great warrior,
The enthusiasm and affection of my allies.

Italy denied to me the support
Its army changed itself in the battle;
Everywhers I met spring-hidden rock;
The laugh loud and long of the rabble.

It make me treason Angereau and Talleyrand,
Bernardote and the perverse of Macdonald,
Helping so the hosts from Alexander,
And changing my device by the royal.

I suffered the most cruel undeceiving,
The most sad and bitter deception;
The time it teaches with the years,
Which inconstant are the illusions.

That they have not bases in the justice,
In the sight, the virtue and fidelity,
Nothing worth the skill and strategy,
Against the sublime sentiment of liberty.

I arrived in Paris full of affliction,
To procuring, if it was possible, myself to defend,
Lamenting, as gloomy obstructions,
Without guns, munitions nearly disarmed.

And Louis. Bourbon's descendant,
Protected him for extrengers bayonets,
Turned to France one thousand fracments,
Violating his ground and his flags,

And subdued, and not being possible to resist,
Abandoned to a miserable impotence,
They despoused that I was to exist,
In this island reduced my existence.

From which they made myself sovereign,
As bloody sneer of the doom,
As aspiration of delirium human,
For spreading innocent blood in my road.

I, pretending from the Europe her dominion,
With the iron, the fire and conquest,
Without respecting the right that is divine,
Looking of the glory the only piste.

And nevertheless of my life, so retired,
Louis and Talleyrand lived with fear,
Believing that one ambuscade I contrive,
Is my name and my glory his dread.

And they pretend that the Europe exile me,
To the regions shady and unknown,
That it forgot my glories and struck down
My name, and my exploits themselves may be buried.

But I cannot to my lot resign myself,
Neither run over this sad road;
Nor that my enemies may do irision
No their amusing of the sad end of my doom.

I account always with the noble France
That never humbled her the misfortune
He shall give to me her resources with constancy,
Forgeting her stirukens one by one.

I account in this island with good servants
With brave generals and champions
That helping myself in all my designs,
Hoisting as always my standards.

In the Bric that I have in the bay,
I shall carry munition and cannons
And working the day and the night with care,
I will surprise careless garrisons.

And assisted with the prestige and enthusiasm
With I account in the city and the borders,
I shall take down the garrisons with spasm
Changing very soon the standards.

With the same that I subdued the Prussian
That I shivered at Gena and Tilsit,
With that I conquered in Moscow the Russian
And Austrian in Marengo y Austerlits.

We will sail out in the bric the Ynconstant,
With guns, baggage and ammunitions
And without loss of the time nor an instant
We shall embark our cannons.

We shall freight the boat " Ster"
And other boats mercantiles selecting,
Profiting ourselves the next tide
With secret without being perceived.

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II.

Embark of Napoleon, taking his twins.

There in the clear horizon
Where shining splendid sun,
We see between clouds and resplendent rouge
How any fleet that her cannons mount.

There the point of the earth that I born
Where my infancy the first light I saw,
From Corce, with precious history I gave,
Of that blue ocean that inspire to mind.

This is " Velpomene" or terrible flower of Luse,
That is the ould distentive of the Bourbons.
That bruiled it elevated the infamous Louis,
With cabalas, intrigues and treasons.

And if my departure would be known,
And the fleet showing obstruct our travel,
With courage, heroism and energy bold,
We run up with a ray on board.

The courage is the only hope,
In the conflicts and great afflictions,
It is Hercules, that inspire the trust
In the victory with its beautiful ovations.

Lastly, I don't see other signs,
That they reveal in the boat great wickedness.
Her standards commercial, it seem to me,
We wond profit ourselves her stupid silliness.

And we going with the wind favorable,
And we will hoist the bowsprit and all sail
That the readiness in the march may be probable,
The victory in all enterprise it reveal.

III.

The General Bertrand refering the march over Paris.

The third of March in the afternoon,
The little fleet anchored in the gulf Juan
Napoleon lands without much boastful
With his serene face as giant.

And in bulky and shady wood,
Were its jumble the cedars and olive tree,
He harangued with great lustre to his troops
How in the time of the triumphs positive.

And there it arise the more robust (olive),
That serve of sign to the history
Which it shall be from Napoleon's only bust
That the time conserve in the memory.

And the Antibes satisfied, he passed to Cannes,
Between the more great enthusiasm
Of the neighbors, citizens and countrymen,
They deliberating of loving and spasm.

And in the vales, country and cities,
Was such the delirium of the gents
And so great the febriles anxiety
That sooner caused to the sense.

And the army that sending the Bourbons,
They would make any opposition
In the mass it overflowed the batallions,
Proclaiming with pleasure to Napoleon.

And the seven battalions named of Grenoble
To the orders of the Colonel Labeyodere,
He not resisted the sentiment noble
That would inspire the prisoner of the Island of Elba.

And his Chief paid with his precious life
The surprise of that ardent delirium,
After the war was conquered,
By recompense they would have the martyrdom.

By last he met to the Marshal Ney,
The brave General, between the brave,
That caused him the enthusiasm that do one sovereign,
That he would carry the victory to his soldiers.

He embraced him with enthusiasm and effusion,
With pathetic emotion they saluted themselves,
Remembering the time that they passed
Between the smoke of the fusil and the cannon.

He offered him the powerful nerve of his arm,
His hearth and the shine of his sword,
Faith, and not believing in one downfall,
Contending with heroism in the road.

But there is that advertising that this great fame
That in mass show carry the people in multitude;
I was caused to the proclamations
That the emperor gave in road.

He spoken to the Frenchmen of liberty and duty,
To put on them, with courage and delirium,
And would they forget by complete the misfortune,
That caused them frequently the comics.

To the delicate fibre is the mystery,
The spring that strikes the ambitions,
To turning him in shady cemetery
And in desert his garthen delicious.

Are the grand and brilliant looking glasses
That blinded to Rome to the Latiums,
Barbary conquest rude fanatlcism,
Inheritance of miserable madness?

The world shall fall down thousand pieces,
Its center it shall lose with storms,
Sickness the Frenchman with teorys,
And never will enjoy of liberty.

We take all as gnaw,
The duty, the country and justice,
The truth is greatness in the Saxon,
That she canonize with respect and without malice.

And last we go in Paris without battle,
To the Emperor is have him to the heavens,
Nobles, employers, bib and rables,
They protected him with enthusiasm and without dread,

And Louis escaped with his court,
Fretful, melancholy, without soldiers,
Dispoused to touch the same support,
The favor otherwise of his allies.

For restoring in the power that denied him,
The force and the opinions efficiency,
Honors and richness he cries,
Destroying the hearth of his country.

IIII.

Flight of Louis XVIII and Talleyrand—His Last Interview.

TALLEYRAND.

I, versed in diplomatic science,
In the cabala, the craftness and intrigue,
I prognosticated that this great fanatic
Never would forget his ideas.

Of subduing to the Europe and the world
With the power of the cannon and his sword,
Spreading his command couraged,
Abolishing the duty and the rate.

He protested, by the people of the France.
With spirit warrior and martial,
That he expand to the intrigue at all instance,
Already to well or to evil.

Already to Robespierre that is the same,
To Mirabeau and Felipe of Equality,
He supports in his crown optimism,
Persecuting the right and liberty.

And firing in the sanctuary of his temple
His history, with clamor and with brilliancy,
Of fire spreading bad example
That it conduce to the road of the anguish.

His genius inherited of the Romans
That created the absolute dynasty,
That never they were sovereigns,
They lived in war and in fights.

The Potences not heard my advises,
They believing this were vain illusions,
I accustomed to see from fare
I look with splendor the commotions.

And if in time they would have separated
From the shores from France to Napoleon,
We would have the power yet conserved
Without being in this gloomy affliction.

V.

Louis XVIII.

Yes, Talleyrand, thou saidst very well,
You was Minister from Napoleon;
I suspected as well
That he would do ourselves treason.

But by God and for Minerva
I signed with my own hand,
I would give to him the Island of Elba
With dutys soverbigns.

And I, descendant of Saint Louis,
I owed to maintain my promise,
Already that we carry ourselves flowers of Luse,
How standards of highness,

And though Napoleon overcome to me,
And he turned to the empire otherwise,
I shall maintain my promise
It may be anywhere the bak sid.

Though the fortune we would furnish ourselves
In this eternal fight,
And implacable it would deny ourselves
Submitting ourselves to the same mistortune.

The France he has converted
To one great military power,
In which Napoleon has submerged her
For his own comforts.

There is that finishing with that evil,
That has caused Napoleon
Killing the military
That he treason the nation.

We shall departure to England,
To Austria, Italy and Prussia,
We will bring ot new the war
With the support of the Russians.

For Napoleon is impossible
Continuing this torrent,
Even he believed himself invincible,
He not account with much gent.

The beautiful star is eclipsed,
Anywhere no believe in his fame,
The genius military is finished,
Already his enthusiasm not inflame.

Already it trouble his fanfaronade
It results so dear his glory
Already no shine his sword
The France desire other history.

They want also his repouse
That do so much time, her bercft
That tartarean ambitious
Audacious and inconsiderate.

Very soon we come back triumffants
With enough importance
Them, shall see the actress
How it gobern the France.

VI.

Departure of Napoleon from Paris with his army. Relation of the Battle from Waterloo by the General Montholon.

To Waterloo I myself supposed
With any immense mountain
That it has direct its road
By the side of oceans.

There Napoleon founded his tomb
In this pride slope
And astonishing assisted the world
The battle more strong and bloody.

That would have assisted the times
With its hairs sovereigns
And its infinites prodigious
In its evolutions profanes

There demonstrates England
That was king of the seas
Also sovereign of the earth
To spite of spites

Her genius incased in Artúro
Afterward duke from Wellington,
In renumeration of his solid arm
With which subduing to Napoleon.

The tempests of fire
Touching till his feets
An serene with calm and right
Never he thought in back side.

Then began the decadency
Of the historiuos latin races
That in Rome acquiring influence
With the mixture of the Sabinas.

The great Cesar Frenchman
Afterward of several battles
He suffered the last misfortune
By the means of wave of case shot.

The battle was well sought
With tactics and stratagem
In retarded dispute
For avoiding one tragedy

Napoleon in proper person
He owed to attack Blucher
As soon as his should appear
In convenient towns

And as soon of being him conquered
Greuchy owed to trouble him
And to reach him well tired
And completely subdued him.

To avoiding that he would organize himself
And otherwise could present action
And which his army would not help
To brave General Wellington

In effect Napoleon
He executed his promise
And with opportunity and occasion
He did him to flight with fear.

But Greuchy without submission
He lost himself in the road
And he did not execute his commision
With opportunity and prudence

Blucher prepared himself
Doing his retired
Near the height of vaterloo
In good rule and very satisfied.

In the meanwhile Ney the grand Marshal
He owed to occupy Cuatrebras
With rapidness and aspect martial
Without leaving the artillery backwards

But Ney himself mistakes
Believing that there is Wellington
And by such thing he not executes
The orders of Napoleon.

By anywhere Gruchy
With thirty thousand soldiers
He ordered do arrive there with opportunity
With marches to rapid

But nor Gruchy, neither Derlon
That they were his right arm
By error or by spite
Not obeyed to Napoleon

Notwithstanding of their disappointment
Napoleon not terrified himself
He prepared his encampment
And to his soldiers harangued

He gave the orders of the battle
To Ney, the brave of brave,
That would do eco the grape shot
And the soldier's fight.

In the meanwhile he prepared himsself
With the battalions of his command
And wiolents and ready he occurred
Confiding in the vanguard,

In the star of his genius
In his military sense,
Without thinking that his gremium
It does not wish to fight.

That all it eclipse in the world
And in the life is contingent,
The luminous body, the terrible hurricane,
The glory, the pain of the gents,

He began the battle
At 10 o'clock in the morning,
He ran himself over the wall.
To pace very redoubled.

With such fury and great valor,
Which by moments he believed himself
Owner of country of honor
How St. Martin in Maypo.

But thousands of cannons
They fling the deeth and grapeshot
It opening great larges drains
In the line of battle.

Wellinnton would remain impassable
How any rock in the sea,
He believed himself invincible
In that strategic place.

And throwing over his battalions
How wave that frizzle the ocean
Embracing rocks and island
How in the sunner the hurricane.

In the meanwhile the Frenchmen
They resisted with heroism,
With enthusiasm and fanaticism,
Singing the "Marseilles."

Napoleon moved his cannons:
Improving one serene moment,
But gun carriage and garrison
Fall down in the mudy.

Wellington then saw the movement
And the conflict of the cannon,
How ray and small clouds of wind
Throwed the cavalry that cut only the leathers.

But Milhaud with his dragoons,
He established heroic fight,
And he could save the cannons
(fthis exploit, there is no fable.

But Wellington believed opportune
Of nerve throw over the cavalry,
But afterward, one by one,
The dragoons retroced from.

They was well repelled
By the French dragoons,
That with splendor and courage
They believed to subdue the Englishmen,

Also sent Napoleon
To flank the cavalry,
But in the abyss of Huguemont
It fall down by fault of guide.

The situation was alarming
To Wellington and Napoleon,
Both of the belligerents
Believed themselves owners of the action.

Then Napoleon judged
That the time perjudged him,
And France's standard he rising,
Lanced himself over the barricades.

That was one infernal noise,
Of the dying, the complaint,
That seemed the final judgment
The cannons with its crack.

The cracker of the grape shot
The noise of the shot of the fusil,
The battle's shock.
The victims of the projectile.

And when body with body,
The army it striked,
And the victory seemed uncertain,
Ney and Cambrone exclaimed.

Sublime, said Ney,
Devil, said Cambrone,
That looked himself king,
This soldier in person,

And between the frenezy
Napoleon opened the eyes,
Hoping if arrived Gruchy
Or saw him into the calhops.

The same Arturo Wellington
Ordered prepared himself the carriage.
Thinking that if not arrived Blucher,
Retired himself in the night.

But there in the longest
It saw great clouds of dusty,
Was the great spem
Of the fight, the end.

Napoleon believed was Gruchy,
Wellington that was Blucher,
But that remained out of meaning
When saw that was the latter.

The General Normando,
Strong enemy from Napoleon,
He had sworn that persistent,
Should bury the conqueror.

He arrived with soon violence,
Spreading his directions,
With his great experience
He directed well his cannons.

And thinking in his misfortune
For taking the revenge,
He fell against the Frenchman,
How any great sweep.

He diriged terrible rows
Of fire, guns of grapeshots,
Against the chastised legions
In the bloody and terrible battle.

The Frenchmen hapless,
They could not resist the charge,
With his battalion annihilating
In one fight so large.

And they were obliged
To retire themselves with pain
For that the army's allies
Would occupy the place of honor.

Wellington remaining victorious,
In force of constance and firmness,
And with glory and eminence
He subdued the Frenchmen.

In a little time fell
The highness of the conqueror,
And rhe French remained without vigor,
Submitted to victorious.

That he imposed her low sovereign
To any nation innocent
That was victim of misbehaviour
Of any one insolent conquerer.

And Napoleon with great pain
He subjected him to the victorious
That put in prison in Santa Elena
Where died of anguish

With Prometeo in the rock
Crucified to his sad lot
His ambition not was a few things
Caring the death, the world.

After being of any inspired worner
And being of the world pretender
Looking with proud lure
To the powerful and beggar

In that solitary and rock mountain.
A few men gone out with him
He had not more friend
That Bertrand and Motholon.

For giving one eloquent lesson
The conqueror that in rich buskin
He dream shall give him the cannon
After the begining, till the end

Not knowing that the justice
Is a goodness invincible
Yet would be combated by the son of Leticia
Or by any one giant inconosible

And here in this sad history
Napoleon was very bad served
How in any war there is memory
That exist so much deceit

His orders, not executed Derlon
Gruchy lost himself on the road
It not known if would have treason
Or was black work of the lot

Ney also he not executed
With all and to be marshal
The lot himself changed
In elegy funeral.

And until the celebrated calvary
In one abyss fallen down
By the fault of any one guide
Near it all perished.

Because God not wished more ruins
To civilized France
And would be victims of more craziness
Of one conquerer souless.

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VII.

(Abdication of Napoleon before the Congress of Fran ce).

Before yours that signifies the sovereignty nation's
I present myself humble, and subdued.
With object of doing certain abdication
Of the firth impire that yours would have conceded.

More than fifteen years I've fought without truce or repose
By yours the head of the world,
I provoked strong stormys and ocean never soft
Of the universe I met him, always brave and furious.

They accused me of having done mean treason
At Robespierre, Marat and Girondins
Of having falsed sacred revolutions
Of ambitions, errors and reeling.

Of having spread uselessly
The blood precious of the Frenchmen
Of having left in the country illustrious people
In battles, retireds and misfortunes.

Of having assassinated a Hocke or Desaix,
For ending my exaggerated ambition
By finishing with the rites of the faith
Of changin to the France his divine religion.

Of extinguishing the recourses of the France
His felicity, its industry and treasure,
Of pulling out of the motherly womb beautiful infancy,
Of filling my purse with his gold.

Of having killed the Duke of Enghein
By infamy, for rancour and perbercity,
Of leaving to my enemies in want
Of expelling and discrediting likewise.

The tribune the print it united at insults,
Throwing myself great charges and maledictions;
Mire, and muddy, how the man more mournful,
How any devil that it lodged the more trouble passions.

All I received with patience and calm,
All in sacrifice of my beautiful thought,
That I have coserved rought in the intimate of my soul
And clear it has been reveled with time.

I should desire that France would subdue the universe,
And with the triumphs of the Latin race,
Advancing myself the time that with hair terse,
It would not take ourselves unforeseen in the road.

I wished to improve the historic moment
In which boiled the ideas of the French revolution,
That shining, how the more previous thought
And its lodging in all human head.

And when the triumph seemed to me impossible,
With Emperor Alexander wished divide myself the world
I have thought that my thought it done visible,
And the same Alexander turned myself brave.

Because he aspired which the rasa slavs
It would spread over the world and it would subdue,
Turning the precious liberty in Slava
To Western Europe in Tartarians Scandinava.

But God no permit iniquities,
Nor which reign the injustice anywhere,
And without punishment itself perpetuate the weakness,
Neither the liberty unjustly should it perish.

Tne liberty is the Godness that divine
It shining with rays powerful,
Passed the time of our race, the Latin,
Not is time nor its influence, neither its Gods.

Greece and Rome they left us the paganism,
The force, the circus and inhuman fight,
The torments, the barbarism and despotism
The corruption, the infamy and the luxury.

It enervated our blood with the breath
It was lasted in our veins the perfidy
Victims always of inseparable tyranny
They it have turned chronic beyond the time.

Necessary is that the modern civilization,
It casts roots with other men and other races.
That nor would it detain the torrent this hurricane,
That the world regenerate with that weary.

The liberty is proclaimed by the christening
In the Golgota in the tree of the cross,
That finish to the man the despotism
That the force turns out in brilliant light.

The triumph not was of Wellington,
Nor has been different the skill and the courage.
Nor faults have been Grouchy and Derlon,
Is God that now desire more anguishes.

The world is from Washington and Burke,
That they known the liberty and duty.
Who always desire that the tear not plough
In the eyes, nor the pain in the chest.

Conform us with sentence of the destiny;
No more fights, nor fraternal's blood,
Separate ourselves the thorns of the road,
All firmness, is crime parricide.

I decline into yours the empire,
Felt eternally our glory;
The Saxon world shall be our hemisphere
It finished to ourselves our history.

And I would favor myself under England's standard
Thristening in his greatness and loyalty,
Nevermore that would ourselves done strong war.
Is elevated his character and his suavity.

And in this moment it advise to me
That is ready the boat Belerepfon,
Where without lose time and very hurry,
Shall set out the subdued Napoleon.

And I take leave from yours with great pain,
England send to me to retired country,
Nothing lessthan the rock of St. Helena,
Where I shall suffer mournful torments.

And I present us my brilliant sword,
In other time with glory and splendor,
All in the world it reduced to dust,
Durable only the right and liberty.

NAPOLEON EN LA ESLA DE ELBA.

Oh! Lo que es el fallo inexhorable del destino,
Lo que son los cambios de la suerte,
Ayer de flores, sembrado mi camino,
Hoy sentenciado a inhumana muerte.

Cuando yo era proclamado emperador
Y no habia sufrido, ni cambio, ni reves,
Vana adulacion, incienso, al rededor,
Los pueblos todos prosternavane a mis pies.

El sol pareciame esplendente
Las estaciones, sin frio y sin nublado;
Ningun presagio cruzaba por mi mente,
El rey del mundo me veia coronado,

Eterna pareciame la gloria
A los hombres los veia mui pequenos
Cortesano el laudo de la historia
Realidad viviente el problema de mis suenos.

A Cesar lo juzgaba un despota menguado
Relapzo y pigmeo a Carlo Magno
Ynsensato al Griego Menelao
Bonachon al filantropo Trajano.

Horizonte no tenia mi ambicion
Ynexorable era el filo de mi espada.
Que cortaba con furia, sin compacion
Sn exito jamas se deshojaba.

Pero vino Soult y perdio la Espana
Ney se retiro de Torresvedras
Llego el turbion de implacable zana
Los suenos parecianme quimeras,

Vime obligado a declarar la guerra a Rusia
Enemigo formidable y mui temible
Hacienda poco caso de la Pruoia,
Creyendo que el triunfo era infalible.

Marche en lo crudo del invierno
Sin parar mientes en lo fuerte de los hielos
Fueron tales las inclemencias de los cielos
Que aquello pareciome grande infierno.

Las Rusos aconcejados por Moreau
De Dumories y otros criminales
Hecieron que incendiaran a Moscow
Sus cuarteles y refugios invernales.

Y despues que Cutussoff fue rechazado
I mis armas salieron victoriosas
El fuego invadie por todo lado
Produciendo temores pavorosos.

Y a despecho de mi honor y de mi gloria
Ordene violenta y completa retirada
Entre conflictos de que no hay memoria
Ni los tuve en ninguna otra jornada.

Y a Ney que se porto como un valiente
Encomendele la, ingente retirada
Reuniendo a su lado toda gente
Con valor, constancia y con cuidado.

Y al favor de rapido trineo
Salveme de volverme prisionero
Y quedar en el Caucaso Prometeo,
Salvando la distancia yo el primero.

Y fueron tan supremos los reveces
Tan grave la tormenta de los cielos
Que quedaron seputlados miles de Franceces
En los tempanos frios de los hielos,

Perdi alli lo mejor de mis soldados,
Capitanes, Generales, de lo primero
El prestigio tambien de gran guerrero
El entuciasmo y leataad de mis aliados,

Italia me nego completo apoyo
Su ejercito cambiose en la batalla
Do quiera encontre espinoso escollo
El reir y carcajar de la canalla.

Traicionaronme Angereau y Teillerand,
Bernardote y el bribon de Magdonal,
Ayudando a las huestes de Alejandro
Y cambiando mi divisa, por la real.

Sufri los mas crueles desenganos
Las mas tristes y amargas decepciones
El tiempo ensena eon los anos
Cuan, instables sou las iluciones,

Que no tienen por base la justicia,
El derecho, la virtud y la lealtad
No vale la estrategia y la pericia.
Contra el sublime sentemiento de libertad.

Llegue a Paris lleno de pesares
A ver si podia defenderme
Lamentando tan lugubres azares
Sin rifles, municiones, casi inerme.

Y Luis decendiente de los borbones
Le apoyaron ballonetas extrangeras
Haciendo de la Francia mil girones
Violando su suelo y sus banderas.

Y vencido, sin poder ya resistir
Entregado a mi micera impotencia
Dispusieron que debiera yo existir
En esta isla reducida mi existencia.

De la cual me hicieron Soberano
Como burla sangrienta del destino,
Como espiacion de delirio sobrehumano
Por regar de inocente sangre mi camino,

Pretendiendo de la Europa su dominio,
Con el fuego, el hierro y la conquista,
Sin respetar el derceho que es divino
Bus cando de la gloria unica pista.

Y sinembargo de vida tan aislada
Luis y Telleirand viven con miedo
Creyendo que maquino nna celada
Es mi nombre y prestigio su recelo,

Y pretenden que la Europa me destierre
A regiones sombrias e ignoradas
Que se olviden mis hazanas y se aterre
Mi nombre y mis hechos sepultados,

Pero no puedo a mi suerte resignarme,
Ni recorrer este funebre camino.
Ni que hagan mis enemigos gran a larde
Ni se burlen del triste fin, de mi destino.

Cuento siempre, con la ilustre Francia
Que no la abate nunca el infortunio
Me dara sus recursos con coustancia
Olvidando sus reveces uno a uno.

Cuento en esta isla con leales servidores
Con bravos Generales y campeones
Que me ayuden en todas mis labores
Tremolando, como siempre los pendones.

En el brik que tongo en la bahia
Cargare pertrechos y canones
Y caminando con cuidado noche y dia
Azastare descuidadas guarniciones.

Y auxiliado del prestigio y entuciasmo
Con que cuento en ciudades y fronteras
Tomare los puestos con espasmo;
Cambiando de momento las banderas.

Con las mismas qne venci a la Prucia
Que tremole en Tena y en Tilsit
Con que venci en Moscow a la Rucia
Y a Austria, en Marengo y Austerlits.

Zarparemos en el brik el Ynconstant
Con rifles, bagages y municiones
Y sin perder del tiempo, ni un instante
Embarcaremos tambien nuestros canones.

Fletaremos tambien la barca Estrella
Y otros buques mercantes escogidos
Aprovechando la proxima marea
Con cigilo, sin que seamos percibidos.

II.

Embarque de Napoleon, con su tropa, municiones y bagage; tomando sus geme los dice.

Aya en limpido horizonte
En que brilla esplendente sol
Divisase entre celages y fulgido arrebol
Como una flota que sus canones monta.

Hacia el rumbo de la tierra en que naci
Donde mi infancia la luz primera vio
De Corcega, cuya preciosa historia yo le di
De aquel azul Oceano que a mi mente el inspiro.

Es Velpomene e imponente "Flor de Lis"
Que es la insignia tradicional de los Borbones
Que enterrada restauro el infame Luis
Con cabalas, intrigas y traiciones.

Y si mi marcha hubiese sido rebelada
Y la fiota impidiese nuestro viage
Con valor heroismo y energia denodada
Nos lanzaremos, como un rayo al abordaje.

El valor, es la unica esperanza
En los conflictos y grandes aflicciones
Es un Hercules que inspira la confianza
Es la victoria, con sus bellas ovaciones.

Pero al fin no veo otras senales
Que rebelen en los buques gran malicia,
Sus banderas parecen comerciales,
O aprovechemos su estolida estulticia.

Y marchemos con el viento favorable
E izemos el vaupre y toda bela
Que la destreza en la marcha hace probable
La victoria en toda empresa se rebela.

III.

El Teneral Bertrand, refiriendo la marcha sobre Paris–1815.

El tres de Marzo por la tarde
La escnadrilla fondeo en el golfo Juan
Napoleon desembarco, sin mucho alarde
Con su rostro sereno, cual titan.

Y en bosque espeso y mui umbrio,
Do se mecen los cedros y Olivos
Arengo a su tropa con gran brio
Como en tiempos de sus triumfos positivo.s

Y alli se destaca el mas robusto
Que sirve de senal a nuestra historia
Cual si fuesa de Napoleon unico busto
Que el tiempo conserva en la memoria.

Y de Antibes contento, paso a Canes
En medio del mas grande entuciasmo
De vecinos, ciudadanos y paisanos
Delirantes de afecto y de marasmo.

Y en valles, villas y ciudades,
Era tal el delirio de la gente,
Tan grandes las febriles anciedades
Que deliquios causaban a la mente.

Y las fuerzas que mandaban los Borbones
No hacian ninguna oposicion
En masa se desbordaban batallones
Saludando con delirio a Napoleon.

Yel 7 batallon llamado de Grenoble
Al manda del coronel Labedoyere
No resistio el sentimiente noble
Que le Inspira el prisionero de la isla de Elba.

Y su jefe pago con su preciosa vida
Los arrebatos de ese fervido delirio
Despues que la guerra fue vencida
Por recompensa tuvieron el martirio.

I por ultimo encontro al Marical Ney
El bravo Teneral, entre los bravos
Causole el entuciasmo que hace un rey
Que conduce a la victoria a sus soldudos.

Le abrazo con entuciasmo y efucion
Con patetica emocion se saludaron.
Recordando los tiempos que pasaron,
Entre el humo del fucil y del canon.

Ofreciole el nervio poderso de su brazo
El corazon y el brillo de su espada
Confianza y no creer en un fracaso
Luchar con heroismo, en la jornada.

Pero hay que advertir que esta gran fama
Que en masa a los pueblos condujo en torvellino
Fue debido tambien a las proclamas
Qne repartio el emperador en su camino,

Hablo de derecho y libertad a los Franceces
Para ponerlos exitados, delirantes
Y olvidaran por completo sus reveces
Que les causan con frecuencia los farsantes.

Es la fibra delicada, es el misterio
El resorte que aprietan ambiciosos
Para convertirla, en sombrio cementerio
Y en yermos sus jardines deliciosos.

Son los grandes y brillantes espegismos
Que facinaron a Roma, a los latinos
Barbarie, conquista, rudo fanatismo
Es herencia de incurables desatinos.

El mundo caera hecho mil astillas
Su centro perdera con tempestades
Enfermos los francesces con teorias
Y jamos gozaran da libertades,

Nosotros lo tomamos todo a broma
El derecho, la patria y la justicia
La verdad, es grrndeza en la zajona
Que consagra con respeto y sin malicia.

En fin entramos a Paris, sin mas batalla
Al emperador le subieron a los cielos
Nobles, empleadcs, pecheros y canalla
Le aco gieron con entuciasmo y sin recelos.

Y Luis salio huyendo con su corte
Mohino, cabizbajo, sin soldados
Dispuesto a tocar iqual resorte
El apoyo otra vez de sus aliados.

Para restaurarse en el poder que le negaban
El influjo y efficacia de la opinion
Honores y riquezas le alhagaban
Destrozando de su patria el corazon.

IIII.

Huida de Luis XVIII y Telleirand—Su Ultima Entrevista,

TELLEIRAND.

Versado en la ciencia diplomatica,
En las cabalas en la astucia, en la intrigua
Pronostique que estc gran monomaniatics
Sus ideas jamas olvidaria.

De dominar a la Europa y al mundo
Con el poder de su espada y el canon
Estender su domino furibundo
Aboliendo el derecho y la razon.

Apollado en la fuerza de la Francia
En su espiritu guerrero y mui marcial
Que se presta de la intriga a toda instancia
Ya sea para el bien, o para el mal.

Ya sea a Robespieore que es lo mismo
A Mirabeau y Felipe de Ygualdad
Apoya en su cronico obtimismo
Perseguiendo el derecho y libertad.

Y arde en el sanctuario de su templo
Su historia con estruendo y con fulgor
De fuego esparciendo mal ejemplo
Que conduce al camino del dolor,

Su genio lo heredo de los romanos
Cue crearon las dinastias absolutas
Que nuuca fueron soberanos,
Viviendo en guerras y en luchas.

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Las potencias, no oyeron mis concejos
Creyeron que eran vanas iluciones
Yo acostumbro ver desde mui lejos
Diviso con claridad los nubarrones.

Y si a tiempo hubiesen separado
De los costas de Francia a Napoleon,
Habriamos el poder aun conservado
Sin estar en esta tetrica afflicion.

V.

Louis XVIII.

Yes, Tslleirand, tu dices mui bien
Fuisters ministro de Napoleon
Yo sospechaba tambien
Qen habia de hacernos traicion.

Pero por Dios y por Minerva
Firme con mi propia mano
Se le diese la Isla de Elba
Con derecho soberano.

Y yo descendiente de San Luis
Debia mantener mi promesa.
Ya que llevamos flor de lis
Como insignia de grandeza.

Y aunque Napoleon me vensa
Y vuelva al imperio otra vez
Yo mantendre mi promesa
Sea cual fuese el reves.

Que la fortuna nos depare
En este eterno luchar
E implacable nos negare
Sometiendonos al mlsmo azar.

La Francia se ha convertido
En un gran poder militar
En que Napoleon la ha sumido
Por su propio bienestar.

Hay que estirpar ese mal
Que ha occacionado Napoleon
Fucilando al militar
Eue tracione a la nacion.

Yremos a Ynglaterra
A Austria, Ytalia y Prucia
Trairemos de nuevo la guerra
Con apoyo de la Rùcia,

A Napoleon le es imposible
Contener ese torrente
Por mas que se crea invencible
No cuenta con mucha gente

Su hermosa estrella se eclipso
Muchos no creen en su fama
Su geino militar se agoto
Ya su entuciasma no inflama.

Ya fastidian sus baladronadas
Sale mui cara su gloria
Ya no brillan sus espadas
Quiere la Francia otra historia.

Quiere tambien su reposo
Que hace tiempo le ha quitado
Ese infernal ambicioso.
Atrevido y desatentado.

Pronto volveremos triumfantes
Con grande y suma importancia
Entonces veran los farsantes
Como se gobierna la Francia.

VI.

Salida de Napoleon con su ejercito de Paris. Relacion de la Batalla de Waterloo por el Jeneral Montholon.

A Waterloo, me lo imagino
Como una immensa montana
Que tiene recto su camino
Por el lado del Oceano,

Alli Napoleon encontro su tumba
En esa soberbia pendiente
Y atonito presencio el mundo
La batalla mas recia y sangrienta.

Que hayan presenciado los tiempos
Con sus cabellos soberanos
En sus infinitos portentos
En sus evoluciones profanas.

Alli demostro Ynglaterra
Que era reina de los mares
Tambien soberana de la tierra
Apesar de los pesares,

Su genio encarno en Arturo
Despues duque de Welington
En premio de su brazo duro
Con que vencio a Napoleon,

Las tempestades de fuego
Llegaban hasta sus pies
I frio con calma y luego
Poco penso en un reves,

Aqui comenzo la decadencia
De las historicas rasas latinas
Que en Roma adquirieron acendencia
Con lo mezcla de las sabinas.

El gran Cesar Frances
Despues de muchas batallas
Sufrio el ultimo reves
Mediante olas de metrallas.

La batalla fue bien pensada
Con tactica y estrategia
En discucion dilatada
Para evitar una tragedia.

Napoleon en propia persona
Debia a Blucher atacar
Tan luego, como el asome
En oportuno lugar.

Y luego de ser derrotado
Gruchy debia persequirlo
Alcanzarlo ya bien cansado
I completamente batirlo.

Para impedir que se organizara
I de nuevo presentara accion
I con su ejercito auxiliara
Al insigne Jeneral Welington.

En efecto Napoleon
Cumplio lo prometido
Y con oportunidad y ocacion
Lo hizo huir espavorido.

Pero Gruchy, sin sumicion
Se estravio en el camino
I no cumplio su comision
Con exactitud y tino.

Blucher se preparo
Haciendo su retirada
Hacio la cima de Waterloo
Mui en regla y mui confiado.

Mientras Ney el gran Mariscal
Debia ocupar Cuatrebras
Con violencia y aire marcial,
Sin dejar la artilleria atras.

Pero Ney se equivoco
Creyendo que estaba Welington
I por eso no ejecuto
La orden de Napoleon.

Por otra parte Gruchy
Con treinta mil soldados
Debia llegar oportuno alli
A marchas mui esforzadas.

Pero ni Gruchy, ni Derlon
Que eran su brazo derecho
Por error o por despecho
Obedecieron a Napoleon.

Sinembargo de estos contratiempos
Napoleon no se arredro
Alisto sus campamentos
I a sus soldados arengo.

Dio la orden de batalla
A Ney, el bravo de los bravos
Que hiciera eco la metralla
Y la lid de los soldados.

Mientras el se preparo
Con la fuerza de su mando
Y violiento pronto ocurrio
En la vanguardia confiando.

En la estrella de su-genio
En supericia militar,
Sin comprender que ya su gremio
Aun no queria pelear.

Que todo se eclipsa en el mundo
Y en la vida es contingente
Los astros, el huracan furibundo
La gloria, el dolor de la gente.

Se comenzo la batalla
A las diez de la manana
Lanzandose sebre la muralla
A paso mui redoblado,

Con tal furia y gran valor
Que por momentos se creyo
Dueno del campo de honor
Como Sn. Martin en Maipo.

Pero millares de canones
Vomitaban muerte y metralla
Abriendo grandes zanjones
En las lineas de batalla.

Wellington permanecia impacible
Como una roca en el mar
Se creia siempre invencible
En aguel estrategico lugar.

Y lanzando sus batallones
Como olas que encrezpa el Oceano
Arrazando rocas, farallones
Como huracan en el verano.

Mientrastanto los franceces
Resistian con heriosmo
Con entuciasmo y fanatismo
Cantando la Marcelleza,

Napoleon movio sus canones
Aprovechando un momento sereno
Pero curenas y guarniciones
Se atascaron en el cieno.

Wellington que vio el movimiento
Y el conflicto de los canones
Como rayo, o rafaga de viento
Lanzo su cavalleria que corto, solo las arciones,

Por que Milhaud con sus dragones
Entablo heroica pelea
Y pudo salvar sus canones
De esa hazana, no hay idea.

Pero Wellington creyo oportunio
Lanzar de nuevo su caballeria
Pero despues, uno a uno
El dragon retrocedia.

Fueron bien rechazados
Por los dragones franceces
Que con brio y denodados
Creian vencer a los ingleses.

Tambien mando Napoleon
A flanquear su caballeria
Pero en el abismo de Huguemont
Se hundio por alta de guia.

La situacion era alarmante
Para Welington y Napoleon
Ninguno de los beligerantes
Se creia dueno de la accion.

Entonces comprendio Napoleon
Que el tiempo le prejudicaba
Y levantando de la Francia el pendon
Se lanzo sobre las barricadas.

Aquello fue un ruido infernal
Del moribundo el quegido
Parecia el fucio final
El canon con su crugido.

El crugir de la metralla
El silvar de los tiros de fucil
El choque de la batalla
Las victimas del proyectil.

I cuando cuerpo a cuerpo
Los ejercitos chocaron
Y el triumfo parecia incierto
Ney y Cambrone esclamaron.

Sublime decia Ney
Y un ajo lanzaba Cambrone
Aquel parecia rey
Este soldado en persona.

Y en medio del freneci
Napoleon pelaba los ojos
Viendo si llegaba Gruchy
O se veia entre los abrojos.

Tambien Arturo Wellington
Ordeno le alistaran su-coche
Pensando que sino llegaba Blucher
Se retiraria en la noche.

Y alla en lontananza
Se veia gran polvareda
Era la gran esperanza
Del exito de la pelea.

Napoleon creia era Gruchy
Welington que era Blucher
Pero aquel quedo fuera de si
Al convercerse que era este ultimo.

El Jeneral Normando
Enemigo acerrimo de Napoleon
Habia jurado que porfiando
Enterraria al conquistador,

Llego con suma violencia
Desplegando diviciones
I con su gran esperiencia
Derigio bien sus canones.

I pensando en sus reveces
Para tomar la revancha
Cayo sobre los franceces
Como una gran avalancha.

Dirigio terribles andanadas
De fuego, rifle y metralla
Sobre las legiones diezmadas
En sangrienta y terrible batalla.

Los franceces desconsalados
No pudieron resister la carga
Con sus batallones aniquilados
En una lucha tan larga.

Y se vieron obligados
A retirarse con dolor
Para que los ejercitos aliados.
Ocupasen el campo de honor.

Welington quedo vencedor
A fuerza de constancia y firmeza.
Y con gloria y esplendor
Supo vencer a los franceces.

En pocas horas cayo
La grandeza del conquistador
I la Francia exanime quedo
Sometida al vencedor.

Que le impuso su ley soberana
A una nacion inocente
Que fue victima de desmanes
De un ambicioso insolente.

Y Napoleon con grande pena
Se sometio al vencedor
Que lo aprisiono en Santa Elena
Donde murio de dolor,

Como Prometeo sen la roca,
Aspado a su triste suerte
Su ambicion, no era cosa poca
Llevar al mundo la muerte.

Despues de ser de un imperio dueno
Y ser del mundo pretendiente
Y mirar con orgulloso seno
Al poderoso y al ingente.

En aquel solitario penon
Pocos marcharon cònsigno
No le quedo mas amigo
Que Bertrand y Montholon.

Para dar una elocuente leccion
Al conquisrador que en rico botin
Suena le dara el canon
Desde el principio hasta el fin.

Ignorando que la justicia
Es una Diosa invencible
La combata el hijo de Leticia
O un gigante inconocible.

I aqui en esta triste historia
Napoleon fue mui mal servido
Como en ninguna guerra hay memoria
Que exista tanto extravio.

Su orden no cumplio Derlon
Gruchy se perdio en el camino
Se ignora si hubo traicion
O fue negra obra del destino.

Ney tampoco cumplio
Con todo y ser Mariscal
La suerte se le cambio
En elegia funeral.

Y hasta la celebre caballeria
En un abismo se hundio
Por fatto de un infeliz guia
Casi toda perecio.

Es que Dios no quizo mas ruinas
Para la Francia civilizada
Ni que fuese victima de mas desartinos
De un conquistador desalmado.

VII.

Abdicaciou de Napoleon Ante el Congreso de Francia.

Ante vos que representais la soberania de la nacion
Me presento humillado y vencido
Resuelto a hacer franca abdicacion
Del primer imperio que me habias concedido.

Mas de quince anos luche sin tregua ni descanso
Por que fueseis el cerebro del mundo
Provoque recias tempestades y el oceano nunca manso
Del universo le encontre; siempre bravo i furibundo.

Me han acusado de haber hecho vil traicion
A Robespierre, a Marat, a los Girondinos
De haber falseado sacrosanta revolucion,
De ambiciones, de errores y desatinos.

De haber deramado inutilmente
La sangre generosa de los franceces
De haber dejado en los campos ilustre gente
En batalles, retiradas y reveces.

De haber asesinado a Hoche i a Desaix
Por colmar mi exajarada ambicion
De conclufr con los ritos de lafe
De cambiar a la Francia su excelsa religion.

De extinguir los recursos de la Francia
Su bienestar su industria y su tesoro
Da arrancar del seno materno bella infancia
De llenar mi bolcillo, con su oro,

De haber fucilado al duque de Enghien
Por infamia, por rencor y por bajeza
De dejar a mis enemigos en probreza
De desterrarlos y desacreditarlos tambien.

La tribuna, la prensa, se desataron, en denuestos
Lanzaronme enormes cargos y maldiciones
Cieno y lodo, como el hombre mas funesto
Como el ogro que alberga las mas bajas pasiones.

Todo lo recibi con paciencia y calma,
Todo en holocausto a mi bello pensamiento
Lo he llevado escrito en lo intimo del alma
Y que claro se ha revelado con el tiempo.

Queria que Francia dominara el universo
I con ella el triumfo de la raza latina
Adelantondome al tiempo que con su cabello terso
No nos tomara de improviso en el camino.

Qnice aprovechar el historico momento
En que bullian las ideas de la revolucion francesa
Que deslumbraban, como el mas bello pensamiento
Y se albergaban en toda humana cabeza.

Y cuando el triumfo se me hacia imposible
Con el emperador Alejandro quice repartirme el mundo
Sospeche que mi pensamiente, se hizo vicible
I el mismo Alejandro, se me puso furibundo

Por que el esperaba que la raza eslava
Se estendiese por el mundo y dominara
Convirtiendo a la libertad en esclava
A Europa occidental en tartara escandinava.

Pero Dios no permite las iniquidades
Ni que reine la injusticia por do quiera
Y sin espiacion se perpetuen las maldadas
Ni que la libertad incensata pereciera.

La libertad, es la Diosa que divina
Alumbra con sus rayos podorosos
Paso el tiempo de la raza nuestra, la latina
No es tiempo de su influencia y de sus Dioses.

Grecia y Roma nos legaron el paganismo,
La fuerza, el circo y la inhumana lidia
Los tormentos, la barbarie el despotismo
La corrupcion, la infamia y la lascivia.

Gangrenaron nuestra sangra, con su aliento
Ynyectaron en nuestras venas la perfidia
Victimas siempre, de imprescindible tirania
Cronicas se han vuelto, al traves del tiempo,

Necesario es que la moderna civilizacion
Eche raices, con otros hombres y otra raza
Que no se contenga, ese torrente, ese turbion
Que al mundo regenere con su lazo.

Que es la libertad, que proclamo el cristianismo
En el golgota y en el arbol de la cruz
Que concluya para el hombre el despotism o
Que la fuerza se convierta en radiante luz.

El triumfo, no ha sido de Wellington
Ni ha faltado la pericia y el valor
Ni culpa han tenido Gruchy i Derlon
Es Dios que no quizo mas dolor.

El mundo es de Washington y Burke
Que comprenden la libertad y el derecho
Los qne quieren que la lagrima no sulque
En los ojos, ni el dolor en nuestro pecho.

Conformemonos con el fallo del destino
No mas luchas, ni sangre fratricida
Apartemos las espinas del camino
Todo empeno, es delito parricida.

Declino pues, ante vosotros el imperio
Cayeron para siempra nuestras glorias
El mundo Zajon sera nuestro hemisferio
Concluyo para nosotros nuestra historia,

I yo me amparo a la bandera de Ynglaterra
Confiando en su grandeza y su lealtad
No importa habernos hecho cruda guerra
Es supremo el caracter, su bondad.

Y en estos momentos, se me avisa,
Que esta listo el barco Bellerofhon
Donde sin perdida de tiempo y mui de prisa
Debe embarcarse el vencido Napoleon.

I me despido de vosotros con gran pena,
Se me manda a lugares solitarios
Nada menos que al penon de Santa Elena
Do espero tormentos funerarios,

Y aqui teneis mi flamigera espada
En otros tiempos con gloria y brillo
Todo en el mundo se convierte en nada
Eternos solo el derecho y libertad de albedrio,

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